

Pancakes a la Platypus



trollcatz

 trollcatz


<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-05-24 22:52:00




MOOD:  resourceful

So a while back (actually a *long* while back), I said I'd tell you how to make pancakes the

 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/) (<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>) way. Then we all got, um, distracted. (There were thunderstorms.)

But I'm promising breakfast to T. to make up for having messed up our Memorial Day vacation plans. (Well, I didn't mess them up. I mean, I did, but not all by myself. Oh, never mind.) And since I offered her a choice between pancakes & bacon and scrambled eggs & blueberry muffins, and she opted for pancakes (I confess, my egg-scrabbling skills are effective, but not sublime), I'm reminded of my unfulfilled promise.

So here's how it's done.

Show up in your kitchen wearing something you've carefully chosen for its resistance to a) staining beyond recovery and b) catching fire. Find  [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/) (<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>) staring at your stove the way some guys stare at cleavage.

You: What's wrong?

Cvillette: It has a built-in griddle.

You: You knew that.

Cvillette: Yeah. But it doesn't get old.

Wave your hand in front of his face until his eyes focus.

Cvillette: Okay, let's assemble the hardware. A big bowl...

You're in luck; you own a big bowl. You serve salad in it. Which you can make, because you buy it in bags in the produce section.

Cvillette: ...and measuring technology...

You have a set of cup measures and a set of spoon measures.
You think they came included with some other stuff you actually know how to use.

Cvillette: ...and a whisk.

You: And a who?

Cvillette looks reproachful.

Cvillette: I knew you'd say that. Here.

From his backpack he produces a thing that looks like a cross between a bird cage and a lightbulb.

Cvillette: You hold the skinny end.

You: I'm glad you said that before I had to ask. What happens when I hold the skinny end?

Cvillette: We'll get to that. Right now, we gather the software. All-purpose flour...

You: How do you know it's all-purpose?

Cvillette: Says so on the bag.

You: If you can get flour that's all-purpose, why are there other kinds of flour?

Cvillette gives you a look that suggests this is not what he expected when he signed on for this job.

Cvillette: This flour works reasonably well for any floury application. But there are flours that are optimized for bread and cake and other stuff.

You: Why?

Cvillette: You're stalling, aren't you? You're totally sissying. You're afraid to make pancakes.

You: No, I'm afraid to damage the kitchen and embarrass myself.

Cvillette: Courage, youngling. You stand on the path to greatness. And I've got your back. Okay, sugar...

You've got that. Because, hello.

Cvillette: ...baking powder...

You: The stuff in the orange box that you leave open in the fridge?

Cvillette: No, that's baking soda. And that trick doesn't work, by the way.

You: Oh. Then I don't have that.

Cvillette pulls a little red can out of his backpack and sets it on the

counter with the flour and sugar.

Cvillette: Yes, you do. Salt...

You also have that. Yay!

Cvillette: ...two eggs...

Good there, too. (He told you to buy some.)

Cvillette: ...milk...

Your household adulterates its coffee. Three in a row!

Cvillette: ...and butter.

And four! You're starting to feel cocky.

Cvillette: I don't know how long your griddle takes to heat up...

He starts to get that faraway look in his eyes again, so you clear your throat.

Cvillette: ...so set it now for medium heat. We'll test it when we're done mixing.

You: Is this the part where I burn down the kitchen?

Cvillette: I don't think so.

You: Warn me when that's coming up, so I can be ready.

Cvillette: I'm ignoring you. Now we combine the dry parts of the software in the bowl. Aaand...I didn't bring a flour sifter. You wouldn't happen to--

You: Ah, no. I'm pretty sure.

Cvillette: No problem. Stop rolling your eyes and backing away, and get out a soup spoon and a table knife instead. Good. Now, spoon flour out of the bag and shake it from the spoon into your one-cup measure. That's right, like one-handed Parkinson's. Keep doing that--oops, you want to hold over the bag--until you've got a nice Matterhorn of flour piled up. Don't worry, we'll wipe it up before anyone sees. Now, scrape the table knife across the cup measure to push the excess flour back in the bag. Excellent! The equivalent of one sifted cup. Well, close enough for pancakes. Dump that in the bowl.

You: All that, just to dump it in the bowl?

Cvillette: Flour packs down. If you scoop it up with your measure and level it, you'll have a lot more flour by volume than if you fluff it that way.

You: I'm a flour fluffer.

Cvillette: I promise not to tell anyone. Now do the same thing with your half-cup measure, there.

You do. Not as much ends up on the counter.

Cvillette: A cup and a half of more-or-less sifted flour. Find your teaspoon measure--no, smaller, there you go--scoop up some sugar with it, level it off with the knife, and put it in the bowl with the flour.

You: I don't have to fluff sugar?

Cvillette: No sugar-fluffing. Okay, red can! Baking powder. When you peel the foil off, you see a sort of a lip? That's your built-in table knife for leveling. No fluffing the baking powder, either. Two teaspoon-scoops, level 'em on the lip, and plop in the bowl.

You: Oh, look! They hold their shape! Like little white pebbles.

Cvillette: I like you. You're easily amused.

You: Well, they do.

Cvillette: Enjoy them while they last. Okay, if I say you need a teaspoon of salt, what do you do?

You: Scoop it up in the teaspoon measure, level it, and dump it in the bowl?

Cvillette: Bingo.

You do that. You feel very independent.

Cvillette: Now take the whisk--

You: By the skinny end.

Cvillette: You took notes. --and break up the clumps of baking powder. Then stir the dry ingredients together really thoroughly--oops, not quite that thoroughly--till they're homogenous. Don't worry, not enough flew out to make a difference. Okay. Hmm, at this point I use a two-cup measure to mix the wet things in. How about a smaller bowl?

For a wonder, you have one. You think you put Chex Mix in it once for a party.

Cvillette: Hold your one cup measure over the smaller bowl.

You're going to fill the measuring cup with milk right to the top, but not over.

You: The "hold over the bowl" part suddenly becomes clear. Once I've got a cup, it goes in the smaller bowl?

Cvillette: Yep. And another quarter cup just like it. The milk is kind of flexible, really; you can add a little more at the last minute if you like thinner pancakes.

You: Don't confuse me.

Cvillette: Good point. Now, break your two eggs into the milk.

Hey, good technique.

You resist telling him that breaking eggs neatly is your only kitchen skill.

Cvillette: Take out one of the sticks of butter that still has the wrapper on it. See the markings on the paper for tablespoons? Fold the paper open, count three tablespoon-spaces, and cut the butter at that line with your table knife.

You: Huh. That's what those lines are for.

Cvillette: Sneaky, huh? Since you don't have metal measuring cups, you can do my dirty-dish-reduction technique. Put that three tablespoon lump of butter in your one-cup measure, and put it in the microwave for ten seconds. You want to melt the butter, but not boil it. So you'll nuke it for ten seconds at a time, poking it with the table knife in between nukings, until it's just this side of all melted. Meanwhile, grab the whisk again--

You: By the skinny part.

Cvillette: --and stir up the milk and eggs until the eggs are just yellow coloring in the milk. You don't have to stir hard; the wires break the eggs up for you.

You: Aww, that's sweet!

Cvillette: Give the butter a last ten seconds. While that happens, pour the milk and egg mixture into the dry stuff slowly, swirling it with the whisk. You're not really mixing yet, just sort of incorporating.

You do this without dropping the small bowl, or knocking the big one off the counter. Ideally.

Cvillette: Now you pour the melted butter in while you do the same thing.

You: Won't the hot butter cook the eggs?

Cvillette: Clever Harpy. Good question. Nope, that's why you mixed the eggs into the cold milk. There's not enough warm butter to raise their temperature. Whisk your batter--um, gently--until it's smooth. Not any longer, though, or you'll squash all the nice baking powder air bubbles out. Now's when you can add more milk if the batter's too thick. You want batter that runs slowly off the whisk when you lift it up. That looks right.

Still Cvillette: Let's see if the griddle is hot. Run water on your fingers--

You: I'm not doing a walk-across-hot-coals thing. Not even for pancakes.

Cvillette: No, silly. You're going to flick a few drops of water on the griddle. Yes, and also me. Very funny. See? They skitter and disappear. Griddle's hot!

He sounds so cheerful. This must be the moment of truth. Your heart is in your throat.

Cvillette: You can use your half-cup measure to dole out the batter. It'll make about a six-inch pancake, so eyeball a spot at least three inches from the edges of the griddle and dole away. And another...ooh, you've got room for four pancakes at once. Oooh.

You: Stop cooing over your mistress and tell me what happens next.

Cvillette: Now we wait until bubbles form in the center of each pancake, and the edges are unshiny and dry-looking. *looks suddenly nervous* You have a spatula, right?

You: No, I'll have to do it with my fingers. *open drawer, pull out spatula*

Cvillette: Don't *do* that to me.

You wait. He waits. Like vultures hovering.

Cvillette: See there? Bubbles. Dry edges. When I say "pounce," turn them over. Ready? Pounce! Ooops. Maybe not so, um...

You: Vigorously?

Cvillette: No big, we'll clean up the splattery bits later.

You: So how do I tell when they're done on the other side?

Cvillette: Well, first you should admire them.

You: Hey. They kind of look...like pancakes. Except for the drippy splashy bits there. Huh.

Cvillette: Now holler for T. to come get pancakes. And the first batch'll be done.

You: Already?

Cvillette: The bubbles were the middle cooking. Like soup bubbling. You're just finishing off the uncooked surface. Flip one over and look.

You: Hah! They're pancakes.

Cvillette: Recipe makes about eight of 'em. Cook the next four the same way!

T.: I don't think we have syrup.

Cvillette also points out that if you don't have a nice seasoned cast-iron griddle or similar non-stick surface, a quick shot of canola oil spray will keep your pancakes from sticking. But he says he usually doesn't need it.

Failure mode: Forgetting that you don't have syrup.

TAGS: cooking_with platypus



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

70 comments



 txanne

May 25 2008, 06:12:18 UTC

COLLAPSE

Hey, speaking of Cooking Lad, have you heard from him tonight? He didn't show up for barbecue, therefore I'm fretting.

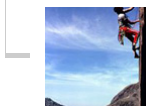



 saoba

May 25 2008, 06:24:44 UTC

COLLAPSE

It's a group fret. Synchronized fretting. Ah the wonder of the Internet.

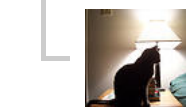


 trollcatz

May 25 2008, 12:06:51 UTC

COLLAPSE

Hmm. Any sign of a long-delayed VM or text message yet? Because he's going to do the wet cat face if he finds out we were calling cop shops and hospitals.



 txanne

May 25 2008, 12:58:50 UTC

COLLAPSE

Nope, nothing yet. (It's been 13 hours.)




 trollcatz

May 25 2008, 13:14:49 UTC

COLLAPSE

Well, his phone is going straight to VM, so it's possible he just doesn't want to be disturbed.

If he left a message and it didn't go through, he's got no idea anybody is worried. Kid tends to forget people care about what happens to him.

 Ometotchtli had a date last night. I'll leave her a message for when she wakes up, but it might be a while.



 txanne

May 25 2008, 13:21:46 UTC COLLAPSE

How could he leave a message without it going through? Either his phone works, in which case I'd have gotten a VM, or it doesn't, in which case he'd know I hadn't heard from him. If he knew that, he'd keep trying. He wouldn't have just not showed up--that'd be rude, which he isn't.

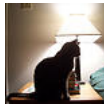
Sorry. I know you're talking me down because you know him better than I do. I'll go drink some coffee and get on with my day now.



 trollcatz

May 25 2008, 13:29:04 UTC COLLAPSE

You never get a text message or VM ten, fifteen hours after somebody else sent it? I'm so switching to your provider.




 txanne

May 25 2008, 13:32:21 UTC COLLAPSE

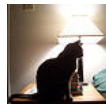
Verizon. The longest it's ever been is maybe 5.



 trollcatz

May 25 2008, 13:34:54 UTC COLLAPSE

Man. Sprint. I've had 'em go *days*.



 txanne

May 25 2008, 13:37:53 UTC COLLAPSE

Whoa. Suddenly your relative lack of Teh Fret makes sense.

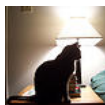


 trollcatz

May 25 2008, 13:43:17 UTC COLLAPSE

I'm doing a little checking around anyway. Well, as much as you can on a holiday weekend. So far, everything seems to be as it should--he got his flights and his car on Saturday. Still waiting to hear back from the lawyers who were holding the house key.

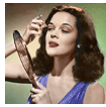
I think you can expect a lot of groveling on Tuesday.



 txanne

May 25 2008, 13:47:03 UTC COLLAPSE

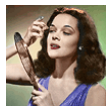
Heh. I shall accept it graciously. Eventually.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[May 25 2008, 15:46:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

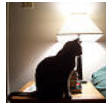
AT&T is the reason I didn't get an AOP. They are headgear for donkeys. And I'd rather have a phone I don't *have* to hack. *cough*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[May 25 2008, 17:09:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(That's AT&T who are headgear for donkeys. The phone is sweet. I like communications tools I'm *supposed* to stroke.)



 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 18:49:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Me too. Well, and the usage charges.



 [saoba](#)

[May 25 2008, 17:47:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My spousal unit has two work phones (desk and cell) and pager as well as a personal cell phone. In a pinch I try his personal phone, because his work cell will chain up VM notices and send them in a lump hours after they come in.

In a realio tulio emergency I'd try his pager, but since that's how work reaches him for emergencies I try not to tie it up for burning questions like 'is this dog lying to me or is he starving?'.



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:28:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, that's never a burning question. Because whenever that comes up, the answer is, "The dog is starving. Hasn't been fed. In days. Honest."

Would you do me a favor? Mention to your dog that the twenty bucks is now due and payable? Thanx. *g*



 [saoba](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:04:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


The dog says he is starving, really. (A point of order, he says this to me, the person who fed him this morning. Dog food and rice and a dab of cottage cheese because he is an elderly and stupid dog who upset his stomach on Thursday and we are babying him. Ahem.)

The dog says this *is* a burning question because the world is full of dog starvers and you can't be too careful.

Also the dog says, he has no money because he has no pockets and you can take out the twenty bucks in forty bucks worth of being permitted to pat the dog and play tug and isn't he generous?

The cat, on the other hand, says oh jeez is he on about that again? I'm trying to *sleep* here.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[May 25 2008, 15:56:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Never underestimate the power of the Cascading Oops. It is mightier than all of us.

And if he thinks he sent you a message, he may have ditched the phone in his luggage. He's a responsible boy, but he really needs a weekend off the work-leash.

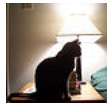


 [Ometotchtli](#)

[May 25 2008, 15:43:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Wet-cat face my absolutely fabulous butt. Platypus considers worrying a vote of no confidence. There's not much that riles that child, but suggesting he can't take care of himself will get your head removed.

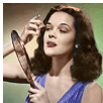
You can still see the stitches where I sewed mine back on.



 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 18:50:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

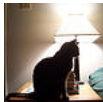
Uh-oh. I really didn't mean to impugn his competence. It's just that flat-out rudeness is out of character.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:33:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Is true. His idea of rude is pretending he didn't hear you the first time.



 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:39:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

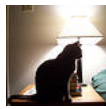
Yeah. And I **know** he wanted to eat barbecue in my company.

No. He is fine. He forgot to charge the AOP.

 [kayjayoh](#)

[May 26 2008, 07:47:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Heck, **I** want to eat barbecue in your company. Here I was envying Chaz because he got to and I didn't. I was drowning my sorrows in exotic Wisconsin cheeses.



 [txanne](#)

[May 26 2008, 12:26:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If you can get here before mid-July, I'll take you for barbecue too. Especially if you bring me exotic Wisconsin cheeses.



 [kayjayoh](#)

[May 26 2008, 14:04:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sadly, I doubt I will be able to do that, but the offer is appreciated. :)




 [saoba](#)

[May 25 2008, 06:26:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

This so adorable you could take it on the road and sell tickets. And pancakes!



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 16:00:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

T. thought it was cute, too, right up to the bit about the syrup.

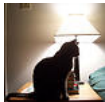


 [saoba](#)

[May 25 2008, 17:43:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Jelly or jam may be used as a flotation device... err, subbed in for syrup on pancakes in an emergency.

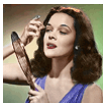
Which I know from my days of being so broke that pancakes were dinner fairly often but syrup sometimes ran out before payday.



 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 18:52:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Jelly/jam and pancakes? You have just invented crêpes.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:38:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

C'est la nomnom.



 [saoba](#)


[May 25 2008, 20:05:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You have just invented crêpes.

preen


See, and here I thought I was just broke.



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:37:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That time it was a combination of applesauce and tart cherry preserves. Because there wasn't enough of either. Platypus FTW!

 [jennythe_reader](#)

[May 27 2008, 03:01:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The next best thing for pancakes (after syrup, of course) is brown sugar & lots of butter. Really good.

Has anybody heard from Chaz yet...?

 [intelligentrix](#)

[May 25 2008, 06:57:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

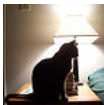
This reminds me of every time I try to cook over at my friend Linda's house. I bring everything I need because, dude, she thinks MREs are too close to cooking.



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 16:04:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

She is my soulmate! Okay, used to be. But the existence of flour sifters still makes me nervous.



 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 18:54:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

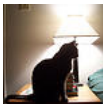
My mother taught me that shake-into-measuring-cup method. My mother can do no wrong in the kitchen. The only thing she ever sifts is dry mustard, when she makes mustard. (It is deeeelicious, and the only hard part is using a double boiler. Want the recipe, or should I send it to Chaz?)



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:40:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mustard is *made*? It doesn't come from trucks?



 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 19:43:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

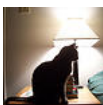
It is made by normal people in normal kitchens. I first did it when I was, oh, 8?



 [inaurolillium](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:28:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I want the recipe. I collect them. I still need to get my Bonus Grandmother's Champagne Mustard recipe, especially as I'm now making pretzels.




 [txanne](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:34:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Champagne mustard? Drooooool.

Okay, one of these days I'll dig out the recipe and put it on my LJ.



 [inaurolillium](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:58:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No actual champagne is involved. I'm not sure why she calls it that, but it's darned tasty stuff.



 [glinda_w](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:15:12 UTC](#) Edited: May 25 2008, 21:19:44 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Please please do. (Hey, it's not that much of a step up from homemade mayo - which I don't do very often, because I don't like white or yellow fatty things, never have, except as ingredients - but around the 4th of July, it's picnic time, and that means homemade baked beans, ditto potato salad, and deviled eggs, and those last two require *good* mayo. It doesn't keep, though, so I have a plastic squeeze jar of Best Foods (Hellman's on the other side of the continent) for emergencies.)



 [inaurolillium](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:27:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Flour sifters are good! They prevent you from having nasty hard little flour pellets in your nice tasty pancakes, which happen because you never make pancakes and you left the flour sit for too long. I've never done the spoon method. I reach for a mesh strainer first (they make excellent sifters, no professional baker I know uses the kind that looks like a can), and, failing that, I dump some flour in a bowl (the one you'll put the wet stuff in later), whisk vigorously (but not so vigorously it all flies out), and then measure.



 [glinda_w](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:16:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh *duh*. Mesh strainers, of course. I do that for baking soda into muffins and things, because lumps of soda are disgrossing. (My can-type sifter is one of the many kitchen things that vanished when my apartment contents went into storage nearly 6 years ago; unlike my father's sharpening stone, and my grandmother's pickling crock, and a few other things like that, I don't miss it.)



 [mattador](#)

[May 25 2008, 07:07:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oooh, can I import a Platypus to critique my pancakes? I make them pretty much as he noted, but for some strange and mystical reason they never turn out right.



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 16:05:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

When he gets back he can do Pancake Help Line Guy. Sort of like Car Talk for pancakes!



 [mattador](#)

[May 25 2008, 18:54:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That would be excellent!



 [inaurolillium](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:53:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

In the absence of Chaz, can I help at all? How do they turn out Not Right?




 [mattador](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:08:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's actually been a couple years since I attempted to make 'em, due to frustration. I'll try again and report back if need be.



 [inaurolillium](#)


[May 25 2008, 09:42:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If you think he was funny ogling your griddle, then you ought to have seen me last night billing and cooing over my new butcher-block kitchen island. The cutting surface is end-cut hardwood, and it's got a slot for my knives, and a drawer, and a side-leaf. It's soooo sexy.

The Boy was extremely amused, and indulgent enough to wait for me to oil the whole thing, even though he was falling asleep on my couch.

The Platypus is right: built-in griddle is hawt.



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 16:07:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

He's only using me as an excuse to visit his mistress. *g*



 [saoba](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:06:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dude, you're acting as beard to a kitchen appliance?

 [dedoc](#)

[May 26 2008, 11:32:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Somebody may owe me a keyboard, if I can't get the rest of this coffee out...

grin



 [inaurolillium](#)

[May 25 2008, 20:30:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I would, too!

Besides, if I drooled over you that much, T might make good on her threat to go find your gun... ;)

 [glinda_w](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:19:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Next time I'm over, I'm going to IKEA to acquire [this](#). Not butcher-block, alas, but it's in my budget, and the shelves are going to be a really good thing for storing baking dishes and mixing bowls and stuff. And if I'm lucky, the silver (my mother's) will fit in one of the drawers, instead of in my bottom dresser drawere, because the silvercloth-lined tray is too big for the kitchen drawers and the piano bench, and I no longer have the buffet-thingy in the dining room.



 [inaurolillium](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:26:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Nice! Make sure you oil the top of that occasionally if you're going to use it for food prep, okay? Any food-grade oil will do, but linseed is best.

And if you already know that, I'm sorry. I'm feeling a bit defensive of all of them right now, because I'm so tickled with mine.

 [glinda_w](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:32:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, thanks for the reminder! I'm probably not going to use it for prep - I've got cutting boards in three sizes, plus a nice biiiiig breadboard (under loaves, in icon) that was - yeah, you guessed it - my mother's, but it'll look nicer oiled, and better prepared than not.

 [saltypepper](#)

[May 25 2008, 13:00:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I could never get enough of this. Food! Witty banter! Food! Cooking implements! Food! Clear instructions! Food!



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 16:08:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I still approach an unfamiliar cooking implement with the assumption that it exists to help me blow up the kitchen. *g* But at least now it's only the unfamiliar ones.

 [barsukthom](#)

[May 25 2008, 15:00:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Bacon grease actually INCREASES the friction co-efficient of *non-stick* coated pans. So help me Glod. Butter is my friend.



 [trollcatz](#)

[May 25 2008, 16:10:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ohigod. Don't you realize you've solved one of the mysteries of science? That being, if Teflon is non-stick, how do they get it to stay on the pan? Well, obviously, they coat one side with bacon grease!

 [nebula99](#)

[May 25 2008, 18:32:22 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

sounds like fun! I wish I had a heatable item big enough to cook more than one pancake at once - it would then stop my family waiting there with their mouths open like baby birds.

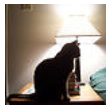
 [glinda_w](#)

[May 25 2008, 21:10:32 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

OMG these are good. I've been using Krusteaz pancake mix for ages, because it's better than my homemade (other than the cornmeal pancakes from my mother's recipe, but that's a different texture thing). No more. And I still had a bit of maple syrup left. (Note to self: next Seattle trip, on the Trader Joe's run, get more syrup!!)

Also, if you're out of syrup, applesauce with some cinnamon sugar is nummy, especially if you warm the applesauce. Also, jam or jelly. Or sliced apples, slightly caramelized. Or blueberries.



 [tkenne](#)

[May 26 2008, 12:28:15 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, any word from Chaz yet?




 [trollcatz](#)

[June 1 2008, 13:03:24 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

See your blog.

Sorry I didn't answer sooner.

 [sylvan_eve](#)

[May 27 2008, 15:24:29 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

mmm. pancakes. i am a cretin when it comes to pancakes.... i like really doughy Bisquick pancakes with a can of corn mixed in.... or chocolate chips. not both. cooked in an electric skillet in butter. i don't like syrup, tho. Maybe a dusting of powdered sugar on the yummys.

How does the homemade differ from the bisquick premix? it sounds pretty much the same as bisquick. (Except for the fluffing. fluffing would help).

 [karenhealey](#)

[July 13 2008, 05:10:55 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I never knew you had to sift the flour *before* you measured it! My food and fabric technology teacher, she lied to me!



 [cvillette](#)

[July 15 2008, 12:51:01 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Well, it depends. 2 cups of sifted flour is sifted before you measure it. 2 cups of flour, sifted, is sifted after it's measured....



[karenhealey](#)

July 15 2008, 13:24:43 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oh, thanks! Well, that explains why some of my cakes have been mysteriously heavy while others were fine.

Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--